

# Absolute Idiot.

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Satsuki is an absolute idiot. Ryuko gives bad advice. Nonon is irritated.

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# Chapter 1

Satsuki groaned and threw herself onto her bed, not bothering to take off her backpack as she did so. She hadn't meant to throw launch a thumbtack at Nonon, especially when she didn't even realize that she had done it until Nonon stomped over to her and gave her a piece of her mind. And also smacked her in the back of the head with a history text book.

"I can't believe you shot a thumbtack at mini me." Ryuko laughed, leaning against Satsuki's doorframe. "What'd she ever do to you?"

"I don't know!" Satsuki's shout was muffled by her pillow before she turned her head to glare at Ryuko. "One second everything was normal, and out of nowhere my thoughts were just racing for no reason, then my mind went blank and I couldn't control my limbs and- I think I might be going insane."

"Nah, you're just weird." Ryuko said, stepping into the bedroom and grinning at the old scorch mark on the carpet. "Look, there's where I set firecrackers off. I thought you covered that up."

"How do I stop doing that, though?" Satsuki asked, furrowing her brow and sitting up.

"What? The being weird thing?" Ryuko smirked, crossing her arms. "I can't help you with that, sorry. But I guess I can help you with the crazy over thinking thing... I guess."

"Explain." Satsuki ordered, her frown deepening.

"Well... I'd stop thinking if I were you." Ryuko said with a shrug. "I do it all the time. Whenever you feel like you're thinking too hard, sing your favorite commercial jingle in your head. That's what I do, and I only hurt the people I intend to hurt."

“You just... turn off your brain...?” Satsuki mumbled to herself. “And that’s... something you do?”

“All the time.”

“All the time?”

“Well, yeah. I mean, whenever I feel like I’m going to get hurt or in trouble, I turn off my brain and everything is alright.”

“What?”

Ryuko rolled her eyes and flopped onto Satsuki’s bed. “You turn off your brain, and everything feels alright. Give it a try.”

“Okay...” Satsuki screwed up her face in concentration.

“No, you’re doing it wrong!” Ryuko smacked Satsuki’s shoulder. “It’s not hard! Just wipe your brain clean and be happy!”

“Alright.” Satsuki took in a deep breath, closed her eyes, and tried to clear her head. After a moment, Satsuki’s eyes snapped open and she glared at her sister. “It’s not working.”

“You’re trying too hard!”

“You’re not giving good enough instruction.”

“You’re the stupidest smart person on earth!”

Satsuki took in a deep breath and glanced at her sister. “I’m sorry. Please help me.”

“Okay.” Ryuko nodded, giving her sister a small smile. “Take in a deep breath.” Satsuki did as she was told. “Close your eyes.” Satsuki closed her eyes. “Now empty your mind.”

“How does one go about doing that?” Satsuki asked, opening one eye.

“You know those annoying songs that get stuck in your head for no reason?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, well just let them play in your head instead of thoughts.”

“... You want me to play elevator music in my head?”

“Exactly.”

Satsuki sighed and let the elevator music play in her mind.

“How do you feel?” Ryuko asked after a moment.

“... Alright.” Satsuki replied, opening her eyes and looking at her sister. “I don’t feel very different.”

“Whatever.” Ryuko shrugged, climbing off the bed and walking away. “Have fun being a freak for the rest of your life.”

“Okay, thanks!”

Ryuko froze in the doorway and smirked at her sister. “Perfect.”

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“What’d you get for number five?” Houka asked as he and Satsuki were doing their homework.

“I didn’t understand it at first.” Satsuki sighed, not looking up from her paper. “So I drew a picture of a tank.”

“But what about homework?” Houka’s brow furrowed as he glanced at his friend’s notebook. “Why’d you write ‘basketball shorts’ for number eight?”

“They’re comfortable.” Satsuki replied, yawning and standing up. “You wanna go turf the school’s lawn?”

“No, we’re doing homework.” Houka said, crossing his arms and glaring at his friend. “What’s wrong with you?”

“I don’t know...” Satsuki paused scratching at the back of her neck. “I guess I decided that life should be fun.” She turned her heel and walked out of the room and into the kitchen. “I mean, it’s not like this is the only life we have or... what was I saying?”

“You want to have fun.” Houka sighed, watching as Satsuki drank milk directly from the carton and then tossed some cereal into her mouth. “Why don’t you just get a bowl?”

“And have to wash it?” Satsuki scoffed, spilling milk down her front. “Dammit.”

“Swallow your food before you speak.” Houka grumbled, looking at his phone. “I have to go meet Iori for a thing. Have fun with... whatever you’re doing.”

“Yeah, cool.” Satsuki replied, hopping up onto the counter. “I wonder who invented the spoon...”

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“So, if it were possible to walk on the sun, would we have to do it at night?” Satsuki asked during the student council meeting.

“How did you get to school today?” Uzu replied, furrowing his brow. “You couldn’t have driven. Are you on drugs?”

“IF YOU’RE ON DRUGS, I’LL HAVE NO CHOICE TO REPORT YOU TO THE AUTHORITIES!” Ira shouted, making Satsuki frown.

“Do you have to shout at me?” Satsuki replied, looking out the window just as a bee flew right into it. “Stupid bug.”

“What the fuck?” Nonon exclaimed, stepping into the room. “What are you wearing?”

Satsuki looked down at her outfit, her brows furrowing. "I'm wearing jeans and a t shirt."

"The last time you wore jeans, we were ten years old and a chicken shit on your knee." Nonon replied, crossing her arms and glaring at her friend. "What the fuck is wrong with you."

"Nothing." Satsuki shrugged, shoving her hands in her pockets. "Do owls have feelings?"

"I don't know, ask an owl." Nonon rolled her eyes, her brow furrowing when Satsuki nodded seriously. "We're talking about something-"

"I have to ask an owl." Satsuki said, walking out of the room.

"What the fuck?" Nonon muttered as Satsuki left the room. "What the fuck is happening?"

"I think we should talk to her sister." Houka replied, furrowing his brow. "I have a feeling that Ryuko knows something."

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"Okay, but like..." Satsuki paused for a moment and looked up at the ceiling. "If I shaved a cat, would that mean I could sell it as one of those bald ones that cost a million dollars?"

"I don't know..." Ryuko replied, kicking her feet up onto the table as she ate her sandwich. "Wanna try it?"

"You get the cat." Satsuki said, her lips curling up into a grin.

"God, what's wrong with you?" Nonon grumbled, glaring at her soda can.

"Wanna see something awesome?" Satsuki asked, grinning as she looked over to Ryuko.

"... That depends on what your definition of awesome is." Nonon replied, rolling her eyes.

Ryuko moved her feet off the table and faced her sister before the both of them pulled their heads back and smashed their foreheads together. They both recoiled, gripping their foreheads, both with a dopey grin on their faces.

“You have to try this, Nonon.” Satsuki laughed, rubbing her forehead. “It’s like being hit in the head with some really, *really* hard!”

“Thanks, sis!” Ryuko grinned, standing up and walking away. “I have to pee.”

“Be safe!” Satsuki said, waving at her sister.

“What the fuck did you do?” Nonon growled, smacking Satsuki hard in the shoulder.

“What’s that for?” Satsuki muttered. Smacking Nonon back. “Hurts, huh?”

“What did you do?” Nonon asked again, her brows furrowing as she watched Satsuki rub her shoulder. “We drew straws to see who had to sit with you at lunch today because you’re so fucking annoying! Ira called for drug dogs to check the lockers!”

“I just turned off my brain, duh.”

“You... turned off your... brain?”

“Yes.”

“Your brain?”

“Yep.”

“What does that mean?”

Satsuki sighed before replying. “My brain kept getting all mixed up every time you were around me, so I talked to Ryuko and she told me how to turn off my brain. It made life like a thousand percent



better. For everyone! I mean, I haven't hurt you in three days! That's good, right?"

"What?"

"Don't you listen?" Satsuki rolled her eyes. "I turned my brain off because thinking sucks. Now I don't think and life is awesome."

"But you're not you anymore."

"Well, the old me tended to think... on occasion."

"Occasion? That's a big word for someone who doesn't think."

"What if people evolved like Pokemon did?"

"Oh my god." Nonon grumbled as she walked away.

"Bye!"

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"How do we know that you're actually allergic to peanuts?" Ryuko asked as she and Satsuki watched *Family Guy* in the living room.

"I've never seen you eat a peanut."

"I don't remember eating peanuts either." Satsuki nodded seriously.

"What's the worst that could happen?"

"You could die."

"Or I could discover that peanuts taste awesome and that Mom and Dad are liars."

"I'll get your keys."

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"Here ya go, sis." Ryuko grinned, handing Satsuki a peanut butter sandwich. "Eat up."

Satsuki took a bite of the sandwich and grinned. "I guess I'm not allergi-"

Satsuki's sentence was cut off by a wheeze, she frowned and looked at Ryuko with panicked eyes. Her eyes started watering and red splotches were appearing on her neck and jaw, Satsuki started to cough and wheeze violently. Ryuko's eyes widened as she watched her older sister gasp for air.

"Shit! What do we do?!" Ryuko exclaimed, throwing her hands in the air.

"Get me to the hospital!" Satsuki ordered between coughs, gesturing to her car keys.

"I can't drive!"

"I am not dying today!" Satsuki growled, her wheezing almost making it impossible for Ryuko to understand.

"Fair enough." Ryuko nodded, grabbing Satsuki's keys.

Tossing Satsuki's arm over her shoulders, Ryuko helped Satsuki make it to the car as quickly as possible. She tossed Satsuki into the backseat and climbed into the drivers', starting the ignition and putting the car into drive. Ryuko had never driven Satsuki's car before, the only experience she had was when she was fourteen and drove her neighbor's car while they were on vacation.

Ryuko was familiar with the traffic laws she was currently breaking as she sped through the city streets, listening carefully for Satsuki's wheezes in an attempt to make sure her sister was still breathing. Thanking her parents for choosing a house that was five minutes away from the hospital, Ryuko turned into the ER parking lot and parked in a handicap space. She'd deal with the repercussions when her sister *wasn't* dying.

“Hey, hi,” Ryuko greeted hurriedly when she and Satsuki made it to the front desk. “I’m Ryuko Kiryuin, this is my older sister. She has a peanut allergy, and it’d be awesome if you guys saved her life.”

“Oh my god.” The nurse mumbled, grabbing her phone at the desk and calling for a doctor.

“It’s okay, sis, you’ll be alright.” Ryuko murmured, glancing at Satsuki. “Just hang on a little bit longer.”

“F-fuck you.” Satsuki managed through her wheezing.

Before Ryuko could reply, a few nurses stormed in with gurney and wheeled Satsuki away, leaving Ryuko standing alone by the front desk. She furrowed her brow and stuffed her hand in her pocket, fishing out her cellphone. She would have to call her parents and tell them why she and Satsuki weren’t waiting at home. Though she was sure that the open jar of peanut butter on the counter top did a pretty good job of that anyway.

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“And what have we learned today?” Ragyo asked as she drove her daughters back home from the hospital.

“My advice is awful and no one should ever follow it.” Ryuko muttered, looking out the window.

“My epipen is in the top drawer of my dresser.” Satsuki replied, scratching at one of the remaining hives on her neck.

“No scratching.” Ragyo snapped, making Satsuki jump. “We’ll give you some ointment for it later.”

Satsuki furrowed her brow and leaned back in her seat.

“You’re both grounded, by the way.” Ragyo continued, taking a sharp turn. “No television for a week.”

“Sounds fair.” Ryuko shrugged.

“This is why we have rules.” Ragyo said, pulling into the driveway.

“They’re here to save your lives. Remember this next time you want to... I don’t know, test your limits with allergens, or jumping off buildings.”

“We wrapped Nui in bubble wrap when we did that!”

“Ryuko, you’re grounded for two weeks.”

“God dammit!”

“Want to make it three?”

“Satsuki’s the one who ate the peanut butter!”

“Satsuki’s the one who thought she was going to die.”

“I’m an idiot.” Satsuki muttered as she rested her head on the window to take a nap.